



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# The Art Gallery

## THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB.



HERE used to be a jovial coterie of young artists—newspaper illustrators principally, if we are not mistaken—who met once a week, and sometimes oftener, for sketching, at the studio of Hartley, who had not then become the successful sculptor he is now. Very informal, indeed, were these gatherings; much less work than play was the rule; yet many good

sketches were dashed off, and sometimes a particular interest in some of these was created by bringing in from the street a picturesque beggar or two for models. After a while some of the cleverest of the members dropped out, some going to Europe and others finding their time taken up by more serious work. So the club suspended. In 1877, however, a few of the old party chancing to come together and talk over old times, it was resolved to reorganize on a sounder basis. They adopted the name of the Salmagundi Sketch Club, and what they have done, individually and collectively, to bring credit on that name is pretty generally known. At the first annual exhibition, held in February, 1879, as many as two hundred and fifty sketches were shown. At the second exhibition of the club, in January, 1880, at the American Art Gallery, there was a marked improvement in the work of the members. The Salmagundians' highly creditable exhibition last winter is still fresh in the memories of many of our readers. It was made especially notable by the excellence of some of the etchings contributed by members of the club. Among these was the charming plate, executed as a premium for THE ART AMATEUR, by Mr. Volkmar. The artist considers it, with reason we think, his best etched work, and has sent it to London to be hung at the Black and White Exhibition. Mr. Volkmar's unusual facility with the needle has stimulated other members of the club to give attention to etching, and the result is decidedly gratifying. Some of them, considering their short practice, are doing remarkably well. An album, composed entirely of original etchings by Salmagundians, is to be published in the Fall, and will be a feature of the next exhibition.

The illustrations for the present article, so cleverly arranged by Mr. F. M. Gregory, are reduced fac-similes of drawings by members of the club. They were shown at the recent annual reception at Sarony's, which, at least from a social standpoint, must be regarded as the Salmagundians' most successful affair of the kind. Nearly all the prominent painters and sculptors in town were present, besides the critics and many prominent amateurs in art and music. Mr. Gregory's original wall programme of the entertainment—an immense sheet, several feet long—which he has reproduced for us in miniature, caused much merriment, particularly the part of it showing the duet of cornet-players and the "piano-pounder." Music, singing, and recitations, by Salmagundians and others, made the time pass very agreeably. We confess to a decided partiality for this

jolly little club, for the members are more than good fellows—they are, for the most part, hard-working, capable artists, who one of these days will give creditable accounts of themselves. There are two or three—we will not be invidious and name them—who will certainly take high rank in the art of the country. Not a few Salmagundians, indeed, are already known to fame.

### "GRETA'S" BOSTON LETTER.

THREE EXHIBITIONS—PAINTINGS BY J. A. BROWN, S. S. TUCKERMAN, AND W. E. NORTON—MILLET.

BOSTON, May 9, 1881.

THREE exhibitions of leading Boston artists are in progress at as many art stores here at the present mo-

and Daubigny for foliage and undergrowth by river-banks. But his skies are an equally striking and remarkable characteristic of his landscapes. Nobody has painted skies of more brilliant force and truth, depth, clearness, and beauty since the old Dutchmen: such space and distance, such palpitating æther, such lovely blue, such brightness, variety, and movement of clouds.

A few years ago he gave the public only sketches, flagrant bits of impressionist rhapsody; but such was their suggestive force that they were sought with enthusiasm by the connoisseurs. That is not a large buying class, however, and young Brown has been induced, evidently by prudential considerations, to put more finish into his canvases.

Happily his buoyant inspiration has survived this, and he works as gayly in the trammels imposed by trade as ever. For Appleton Brown, you must understand, is the apostle "par excellence" of the one truth that this is a world of beauty—of gayety, charm, and joy. It is always an exhilarating, an intoxicating delight in nature that his pictures breathe. If it is not the richness and full burst of midsummer, it is the promise and potency of budding spring-time, or an Anacreontic gayety of autumn decking its decay in bright colors and reveling in the "wine of the year." Nothing more serious than a voluptuous twilight, really richer in sensuous delight than broad day, or a dreamy fall afternoon whose sadness is only sentimental, ever comes from his brush. Sometimes he has painted the bracing breeziness of an October morning, with the sky glittering full of small clouds chased by the boisterous winds, and often "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn"; but oftener the soft delights of quiet nooks of the woods, by still pools reflecting the overhanging foliage, the calmness and hush of high noontide on rich meadows strewn with winrows of fresh-cut hay, the simple beauty of homely Yankee hillsides and meadows, the blossoming whitish-pink apple-tree, the pendulous grace of the American elm, the rows of willows, the clumps of birches, and bushes of commonest New England growth, engage his delicately sympathetic touch. He is the Thomson of New England's seasons. His technique is now mature, polished, elegant, and aptly and worthily expresses his refined taste and instincts. As he eschews all that is theatrical and conventional in the choice of subjects, so he avoids any display of painting merely as painting—that is, mere imitation of textures and elaborate drawing—and practises the art of concealing art in its highest sense. It is the artistic effect, not the literal imitation, that he strives for, and thus it comes to pass that his interpretation of New England rural beauty is truer than realistic—realistic as his art seems, compared with the rococo "decoration" landscape compositions of your Harts and Cropseys. Brown's native

place and summer home is Newburyport, and the sweetly, gently romantic shores and meadows of the Merrimac and its lovely tributary streamlets are his field of work, and the source of his unequalled and indeed incomparable (for us, whose people beached their English keels at the mouth of the Merrimac two hundred and fifty years ago) transcripts of New England pastoral scenery in its less pinched and rugged and more genial and handsomer English-like phases, such as are found along the placid Merrimac as it glides

"By twenty thorps, a little town;  
And half a hundred bridges."

Mr. S. S. Tuckerman, on the other hand, is a Yankee artist who devotes himself to the English Chan-



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY F. M. GREGORY.

ment, and excellent artists they are too, although little known in New York, strange to say. They are Messrs. J. Appleton Brown, S. Saulsbury Tuckerman, and W. E. Norton. Mr. Appleton Brown is a brilliant young landscapist, of the modern French school, yet with a style decidedly his own. At one period of his development he painted more like Corot than at present, affecting the French gray in color and the ragged impressionism in drawing of the least finished of the old Frenchman's latest pictures. This he outgrew when removed from the atmosphere of France. Now he paints the greenest of green pictures, the truest, clearest, most untortured of the greens of nature, such greens as Courbet revelled in for upland turf,